BACKSTAGE DISNEYLAND

CHRISTMAS 1966

The Editor Speaks

It's that time of year when I could pull out my gag file and start running off at the ad-libs: "Christmas is the time of year when your neighbors keep you awake all night playing Silent Night. Christmas is . . . ." But, this year, with all that is happening in our world, I'd like to relate a simple story:

The world was in trouble and it came to pass that a sign appeared in the skies. Following this sign came three wise men searching out a king. And the angels proclaimed: "Glory to God in the highest Heaven! Peace upon earth, among men of goodwill."

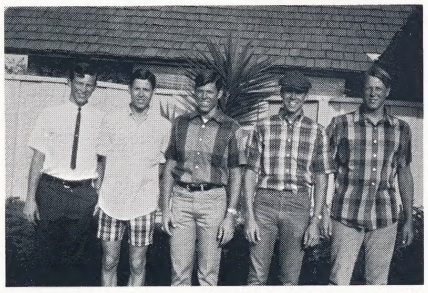
Notice . . . "among men of goodwill." Not *some* men, or a *few* men, but "men of goodwill." We are approaching the birthday of that child in the manger, and should all remember "Peace upon earth, among men of goodwill."

DEAR WALLY:

I was perusing through some old copies of BACKSTAGE and saw the photographs of the twins you had in Candid Corner. I'd like to ask for equal time for Jon and Greg Olsen of Food Services. They are brothers, born on the same day, but are not twins.

Dale Burner
Plaza Inn

This picture should explain the answer to the riddle. These are the five Olsen Boys. Left to right, Pete, Dave (Late of Janitorial and presently in the Navy), Greg (Plaza Inn), Jon (New Orleans Kitchen) and Jeff (Oaks Tavern). Greg and Jon are not twins. They are two of triplets, the third member being Dave.



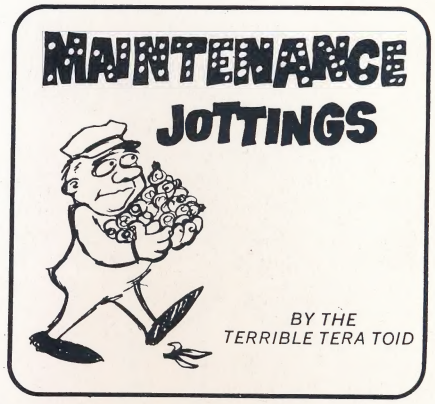
The Readers of BACKSTAGE
Disneyland
Anaheim, California

Dear Readers:

May you find **E**nclosed the latest, **R**are but **R**ecent issue of—mine, our, and **Y**our—magazine—"BACKSTAGE DISNEYLAND."

This issue is supposed to **C**ommemorate a **H**oliday but **R**ight now **I** can't think what the **S**ubject is **T**hat is **M**ean't to be commemorated. It's **A** holiday, I think, but I'm not **S**ure.

Wally



Last year's extensive Rehab program has shown good results in the form of about a 9% decrease in total downtime as compared to the total for 1965. (Well done to all hands!) Let's see if we can cut off another 10% next year. Less downtime means happier guests — happier guests mean more guests — more guests mean more . . . etc., etc.

The name of "Arcade Mechanics" is not very accurate when it comes to describing the work they actually do.

LLOYD "SMITTY" SMITH, the foreman, told me that, in addition to keeping the Penny Arcade on Main Street operating, he and his crew service the ticket machines, turnstiles, time clocks, canons for Fort Wilderness, the Columbia, player pianos, Jungle Cruise, pistols, popcorn wagons, and other items I can't remember. To keep the above equipment humming, Smitty is assisted by JIMMIE BABB, the alternate foreman, WALTER ANGELI, RICHARD GLENN, BILL HOGARTH, ART LINDEKE, HAROLD

BACKSTAGE DISNEYLAND

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MANDERS, DON REED, and JOHN VOZAR. JIM PEACOCK is the superintendent. Keep up the good work fellas.

The grapevine has it that ROY YOUNG is becoming quite an "operator" and BOB PENFIELD is really "cleaning up," since they swapped divisions.

CLIFF HUME, assistant engineer, calls KEN GRINSTEAD less frequently since the drinking fountain was fixed.

The Safety Award has caused keen competition among the various Maintenance Shops. At the end of a year, the shop which earns the monthly award the most times will be awarded a permanent plaque to signify its achievement. The award is earned on the basis of not only the safest operation, but also cleanliness in the field, as well as the shop — so be sure to clean up after a job in the field, to help your shop win the big prize.

While looking around the Arcade Maintenance Shop we found Lloyd Smith, Jim Babb, Walter Angeli, Jim Peacock, and John Vozar. Our photographer managed to drag them away from their machines long enough to snap a "Family portrait."

The above is the inside of a Wonderland Music Player Piano.

Say, did you know we have a radio star working with us? Not too long ago, HARRY MASON received a call from CBS while he was on duty in the Small World sound room. The caller from CBS asked him several questions concerning the attraction — the call was on coast-to-coast radio. Are you giving your autograph, Harry?

I understand "MONDO" wants a relief from the permanent job he has inherited on the ladder truck.

Be sure and have a Happy Holiday Season.

The Sounds Of A Successful Year.

Another year has rolled by, and it was one of the most successful for the D.R.C. Listen to the sounds that have comprised this year:

The cracking of baseballs off the sluggers' bats, (Chavez Ravine, Big A and Slow Pitch League).

The melodic rhythms of the dance bands, (Dances).

The thud of bowling balls, (Bowling League).

The swish of skiis on the snow, (Ski Club).

The whiz of a golf ball leaving the tee, (Golf Club).

The flash of silver skates upon crackling ice, (Ice Capades and Ice Follies).

The splash of a fighting fish on the ocean deep, (Fishing Trip).

The clomping of hooves on a bridle trail, (Horseback Riding).

The laughter of little ones at a Christmas Party, (Employees' Christmas Party).

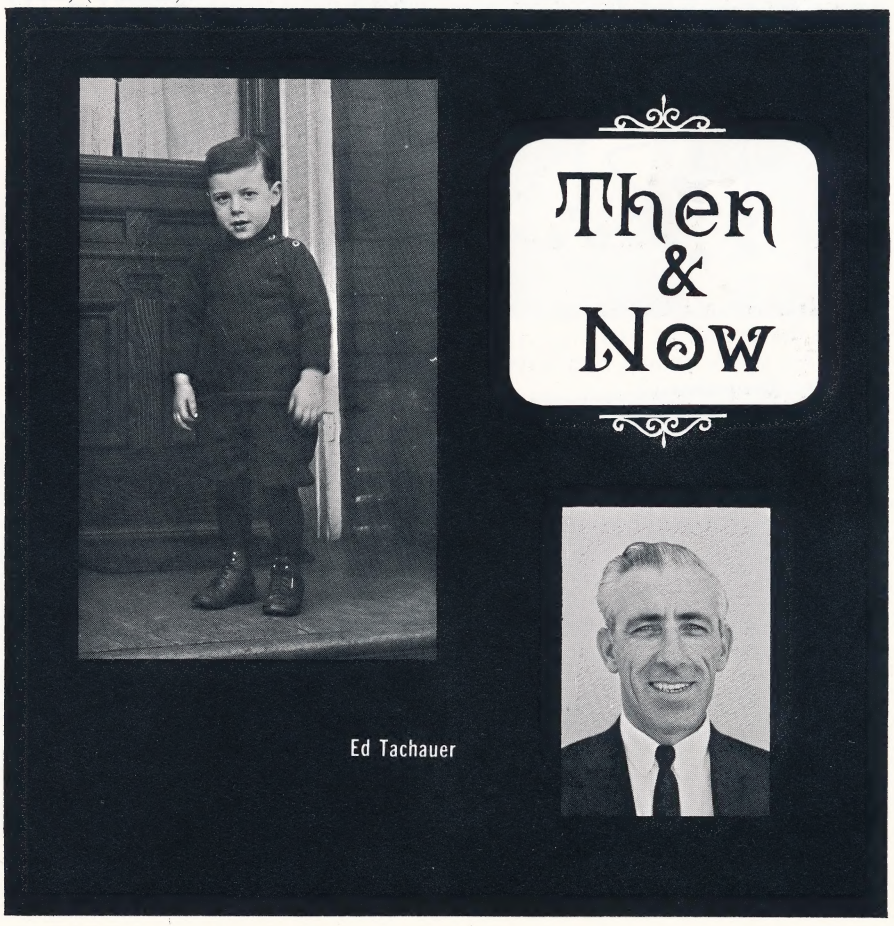
The relaxed conversation at a dinner dance, (Steak Dinner).

The anticipated smashing of an egg in the hand of a partner in an Egg Throwing Contest, (Employees Picnic).

The groans of council members after laboring on a special project.

These are some of the sounds that you've heard this year, and we look ahead to an even bigger and better year.

From your Representatives on the Council — a Very Merry Christmas and an Eventful New Year.



Let Ron Dominguez put YOU in the driver's seat.

Volunteering his time last year, Pete Crimmings operated the Jets in Tomorrowland.

DISNEYLAND'S EMPLOYEES' CHRISTMAS PARTY

BY DAVE KOCH

Note—Santa Claus is as predictable as BACKSTAGE DISNEYLAND isn't. We hope this issue reaches you on or before the day of the party.

This year's annual Employees' Christmas Party is scheduled for Monday, December 12 or, in case of bad weather, Tuesday, December 13.

For the wee Disneylanders and big ones too, 3:30 p.m. is the magical hour when the main gates will swing wide for the exclusive once-a-year party.

Open this year will be Main Street, all the rides in Fantasyland, Tomorrowland, and the Tiki Room.

Sandwiches and soft drinks will be available at the various food stands for 5 cents for most drinks, 10 cents for hot dogs and pie, and 20 cents for chili and beans.

Food for the party will be donated either by the lessee supplier or by the Park. All proceeds will be put into a special fund to buy Christmas toys for Orange County charities. Last year, money from the food sales purchased more than $900 in gifts.

In order to permit as many permanent employees as possible to enjoy the Park with their families, casuals will operate a majority of the attractions. "If we can't find enough casuals, we'll fill in with supervisors," said Ron Dominguez.

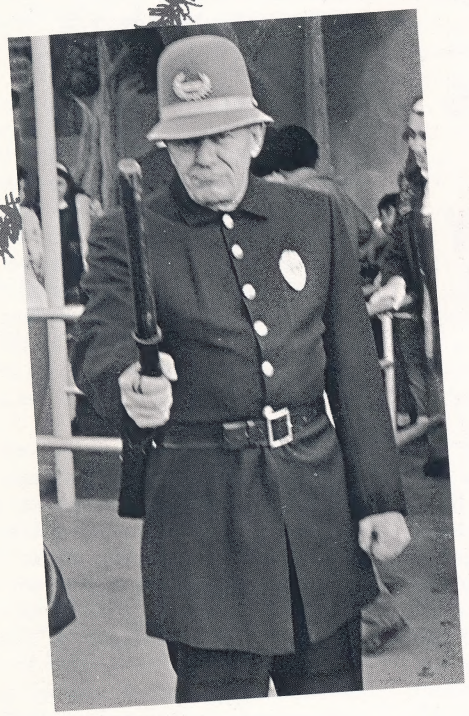
Four thousand "guests" are expected to attend the tenth annual Christmas Party.

The party was originated by the Disneyland Recreation Club (D.R.C.) more than a decade ago. Attending the first party—17 months after the Park first opened—were 1,428 employees. Amazingly, the party has changed little over the years. New rides and other attractions have been added; but then, as now, Old Saint Nick was there to meet children at the gate and pass out stockings of candy.

Employees are asked to have their children bring an unwrapped gift (for a child), and drop it in one of the two large boxes located inside the main gate.

These gifts will be distributed by the D.R.C. to various local charities.

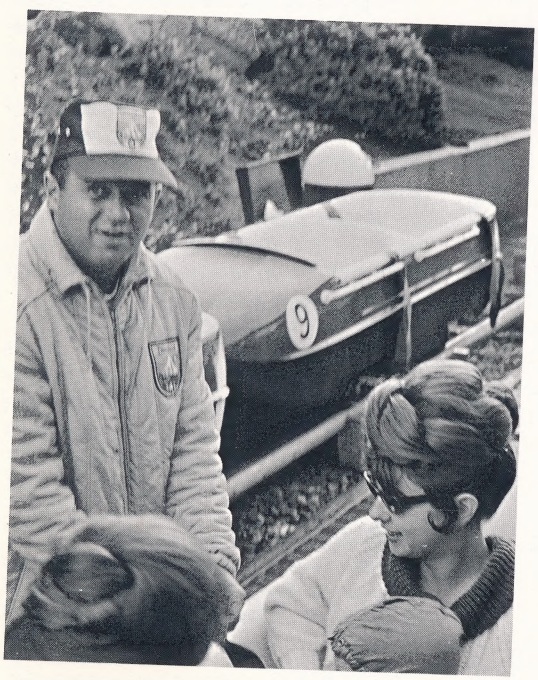
So, for the happiest Christmas of all, plan to attend the happiest land of all, on December 12.



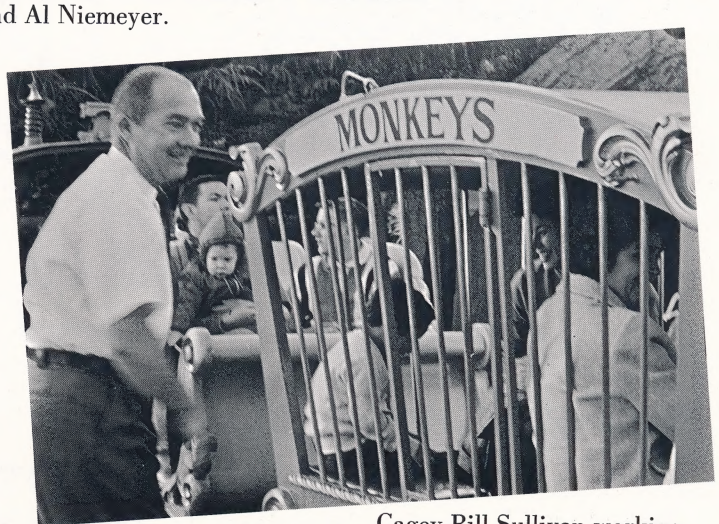
Tim Hahne—"I want some dignity."

Caught off guard, by our photographer, was Ken Kohler, of the Monorail.

Here are the two touchables—Glen Hicks and Al Niemeyer.



Bob Penfield buckling down on the Matterhorn.



Cagey Bill Sullivan working Casey Jr. in Fantasyland.

A vision of Tomorrowland of the past is slowly ascending into oblivion.

"Old" Tomorrowland began destruction on September 6th. Slowly but surely, many traditional landmarks of Tomorrowland began crashing to the ground.

As the guests came rushing up the Avenue of Flags and around the Bell System Exhibit to reach the Matterhorn—SURPRISE!—they were welcomed by a cold, white fence. Much to everyone's surprise, much of Tomorrowland was no longer there.

It was a very sad and lonely feeling when the noise of the cranes and workmen moved closer to the entrance of Tomorrowland. Many souvenir stands were scooped up and hurriedly rushed to new locations. Cranes were lifting off roofs, and bulldozers came crashing through walls. Up went the fence, excluding most of Tomorrowland from the rest of the magical kingdom. The only brave survivors were the crews from the Highway in the Sky, the Skippers, the Tommy Hook, the Alley, and the Plastic House.

As the old drifted away, a profusion of color forming a rainbow appeared in the sky—connecting Monsanto and the Bell System Exhibit—completing a grand finale.

"Believe it or not, it was truly a rainbow."

Farewell to Old Tomorrowland—we'll see you, new again, in '67.

We left you, gentle readers, late last Summer as we sailed off into the Sunset on our trusty sloop. Alas, we have returned and the faithful followers of this ink-stained column wait breathlessly for Santa Claus, next year's World Series and, of course, our immortal quips and phrases, all in print.

This fall we've had such excellent shipmates as ROSEANN PIRUS, AL PERDON, TOM LEWIS, and CHUCK SECO. The other day a lady returned from a trip down frothing Fantasyland River and remarked, disappointedly, that none of the animals or hippos or anything came up out of the river as her friends had told her they most surely would. Honest! She thought that she had been on the Jungle Cruise!

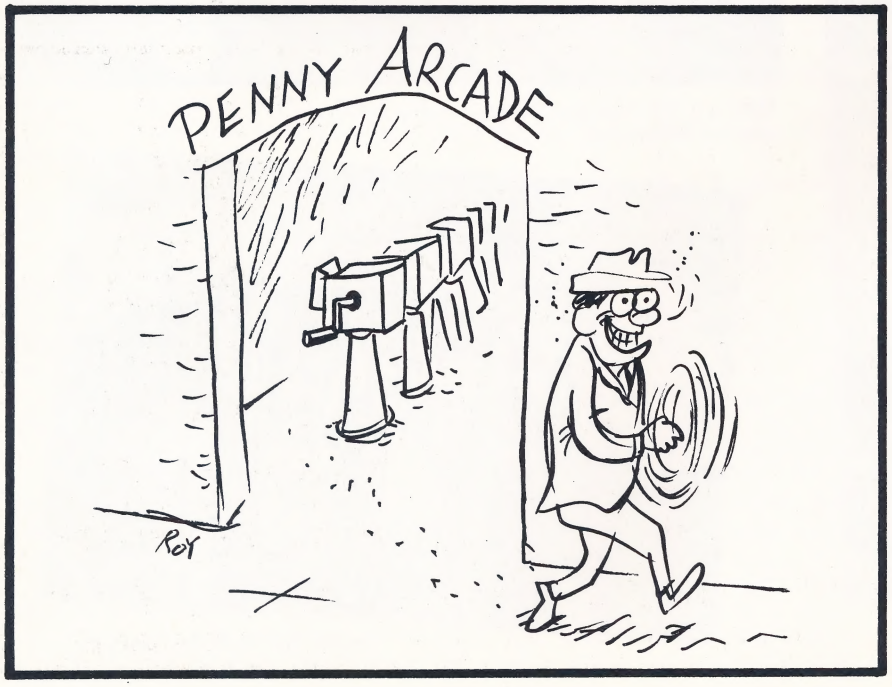
We must report, ruefully, that a number of our finest bachelors have passed on through the golden gates and taken unto them wives. O Woe indeed! The woeful part of it is that they take from us some of Fantasyland's fairest damsels. Yea, forsooth, that scurvy knave, JIM THOMAS, rode off over the drawbridge with Princess PAT KEATING, and they are living happily (drat it) in his castle. She is also working in Wardrobe. SHERRILL ORAM, one of our favorite skiers, also walked the primrose path and became embroiled in wedded bliss. And, would you believe that MARGO MIKKELSON of Storybook is now MRS. MILLER? No, not *that* MRS. MILLER!! CHUCK SECO, who likes JILL REPPERT, just reported that JENNY KELLER is going to get married.

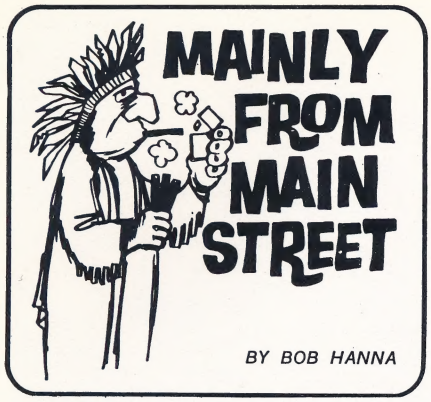
Speaking of matrimony, we are thinking that we should perhaps venture forth onto the rose-strewn path. Any interested young ladies may appear weekends at the Motor Boat Cruise and apply. Actually we are looking for a Shipmate to sail forth with us on our Sloop, "Bluebird." The female applicant must be able to swab decks, not get seasick, shinny up the mast to unfoul a halyard or block, and cook Irish Stew on a tossing ship in the Catalina Channel. Line up gulls, I mean girls.

That famous bucket brigade of WALT BRICKER (Fantasyland Sky) and JOE DERKOWSKY (The Other End) are still plying their never-ending trade from their platforms in the sky.

Handsome HAL DARTER, foreman of Small World, could use a captain's chair in his crow's nest atop the loading dock. Hal, who is a renowned boatsman (twenty - four - foot power yacht), is not at sea in Fantasyland, although some of the girls think that he is the roving kind.

MARSHA DANNERBERGER, from Lincoln Theatre, says that BOB HANNA was sweet but that Hal is lovely! VICTORIA BALTAZAR came to Small World from the Philippines via the Enchanted Tiki Room. Speaking of enchanted Tikis, you wouldn't believe old Steamboat Captain HANK BLOCK in a Tiki Toga, would you? HANK is foreman of the Tiki Room—and we have seen it all now, and will therefore scuttle off to the fo'c'sle of our ship and wish you a MERRY CHRISTMAS.





Well, the elections are over and the Steam Train crews picked their own cabinet of real "winners." JIM EASON retired as president, moving to Great Moments With Mr. Lincoln; and BOB HANNA took over official duties as the in-coming prexy. The office of Social Director went to big GARY MATHEWS, who, as yet, has not lived up to his campaign promises, the results of which indicate an imminent tar and feathering. MIKE MELDAU was elected chairman of the Worry Committee. His ulcer made him the only worthwhile candidate. RON STRITCHER is the new chairman of the "Hustlers" Committee, with JERRY HOPKINS as a close second. Current rumors indicate impeachment. (Ron is the lad who, when asked by bridegroom, TOM HANSCOME, if he had kissed the bride, ex-Lincoln girl SHERRI MAXWELL, replied, "Not recently.")

GARY PERKINS, "The Golden Voice of Retlaw," was unanimously elected the head of the Spiel Committee; but when the conductors heard his train spiel, they voted that earplugs be made a part of the uniform.

BOB BAKER was elected to head the RETLAW Termination Committee and is doing a wonderful job... (censored)...let's say he is ambitious. DICK WATTS was chosen to head the Break Co-ordination Committee. He guaranteed that mutiny occurred only on ships. Wanna bet?

Filling the other offices were...BOB CRAWFORD — Grumpy Relations; LORNE CLINES, heading Senior Employees; and MEG LYLES and LINDA TETER, on the Gossip Validation Committee.

Prominent future candidates include IAN SAGMAN, GEORGE MacINTYRE, MEL GATES, JERRY HUDSON, STEVE BABBITT, with CHUCK GROSS a questionable prospect. (My thanks to the Spieler for assistance in compiling the above.)

JOAN DANIEL, the beautiful Lincoln hostess, tells one of the best Lincoln stories to date. One of Abraham Lincoln's advisors urgently recommended a certain man for a post in the President's cabinet. When Lincoln declined to follow the suggestion, he was asked to give his reason. "I don't like the man's face," the President explained. "But the poor man isn't responsible for his face," his advocate insisted. "Every man over 40 is responsible for his face," Lincoln replied.

Overheard at Hills Brothers, while using instant coffee to dawdle away a lunch "hour":

PAUL LEGG (RETLAW) — on alimony — "Go now, pay later."

MURIEL FORNIER (Lincoln) — "The best substitute for experience is being 18."

CONNIE RINARD (Lincoln) — "Not only has he broken my heart and wrecked my life, but he messed up my entire evening."

MARY VAN THYME (Ticket Seller) — "Women love the simpler things in life — MEN."

VIRGINIA RONFELDT (Music Store) — "From birth to age 18, a girl needs good parents."

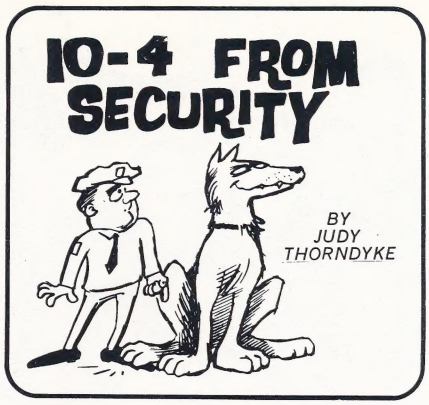
DANA DUFFY (Bank of America) — "From 18 to 35 she needs good looks."

MARGE EVANS (INA) — "From 35 to 55 a woman needs personality."

DOTTI HEIDEMANN (Emporium) — "From 55 on, the old lady needs cash."

Christmas

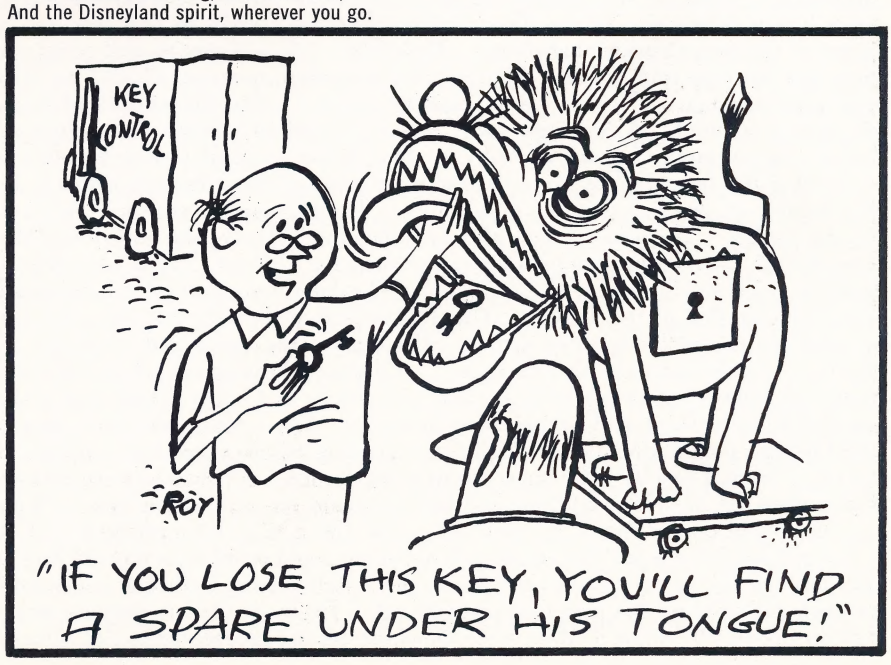
My dream of Christmas I impart to you,
Fashioned of candy canes, cookies and toys.
Of stockings hung by a fireplace, too,
Filled to the brim with laughter and joys.
Of the great tree in Town Square, topped with a star,
The shops along Main Street with windows aglow.
Of the carolers who sing, hosannas afar,
And the Disneyland spirit, wherever you go.



For those who haven't received their Holiday Season blessing please see TIM (O') HAHNE between 4 and 4:30. "Cream and sugar," ED DIXON, asked me to inform all the ladies in the Park that he taped mistletoe over the reception desk in the office. Here's your chance girls! Security welcomes GEORGE KNUTTI to the staff.

AL NIEMEYER was 3rd runner up in the Santa Claus look alike contest. He's brooding in his office because LUKE SEWELL won. CHUCK CONE wanted to place the December gatefold of a well-known magazine on his office wall to brighten things up for the holiday season, but VIC WOLCZAK got it for the desk foreman's calendar. LEE TURNER and BOB MAUS have been authorized by the Security Staff to break the sad news to BEN MEISTER about Santa Claus.

The 1036 is getting late and, until next year, we'll say 73's, kc7032 clear.



One of the few photographs taken of the Treasury Department Agents. Gentleman seated in the front is Eliot Ness (kind of resembles Robert Stack, no?) Joe is second gentleman from the right.

G-MAN turns D-MAN

BY RICK SMITH

The mobsters closed in on their human quarry in the dimly lit cellar. No words were spoken. Conversation was not necessary. Hostility was evident in every movement of the five expensively-dressed hoods, as they advanced on a tall, grim figure at one side of the dingy room. Distrust, ready to boil into violent rage, was scrawled across the swarthy faces of the underworld inhabitants. They wore soft, kid gloves and pearl-grey fedora hats; but the veneer of civilization was wearing thin. The T-Man got the unspoken message! Posing as "Big Joe" Peterman, an ex-con, he knew that exposure was near. ("T-Man" is a Treasury Agent.) The threat of death hung in the air, along with the sour-sweet smell of cooking alcohol. A few steps away was the illegal still, busily converting a batch of "high moon" into 188-grain alcohol, more commonly known as "alky." The T-Man — until now a trusted member of the vast Illinois bootlegging ring — studied the faces before him. These were some of the infamous Chicago Boys, who dealt in bootlegging, counterfeiting, hijacking, pushing dope — and killing. Tony Capone, a cousin of Al Capone, the underworld czar, stood there, hand in one pocket. The select group also included Joe Terrallo, the notorious "Mr. Five By Five," who ruled the South Side; Sam Brand, the corrupt financial wizard of the gang; "Papa Carlisi," the Boss of Cicero, a "big man with a gun"; and a hulking hood by the name of "Luberti." The hoodlums paused momentarily. Carlisi broke the silence. "Who are you?" he snarled at the T-Man. The T-Man looked directly into the cold grey eyes and had the chilling sensation that he was confronted by a coiled rattler. His reply came quick and emphatic. "I'm Peterman . . . Joe Peterman . . . what the h..... is the matter with you guys?" Capone, whose shock of coal black hair made him seem even more ominous, inquired fiercely, "Are you a 'G' — that's it," broke in Carlisi. There was a sibilant sound in his low voice. The others nodded in agreement and prepared to move in. The T-Man, who only an hour or so ago had been "worked over" by the Chicago police after being caught transporting whiskey-making supplies, drew upon all his cunning in a desperate move. "Sure, I'm a 'G'", he burst out in a heavy tone. His hands were dirt-encrusted, his clothes were tattered, and he had a deep cut over his right eye and bruises about one side of his face. "Look at my hands . . . the clothes I'm wearing . . . the blood on my face," he shouted. "Ya, I'm a 'G'," he mimicked. "Come on, I'm taking you all in . . . this is it . . . don't you believe it?" he continued, as he managed to inject a note of fury into his own voice. The mobsters, startled and puzzled by the unexpected tactics on the T-Man's part, looked at one another. The T-Man, feeling that he had gained ground, followed up his temporary advantage. He knew the bootleggers were scared and wary, as the other undercover agents, tipped off by the T-Man, were knocking off the illegal distilleries almost as fast as the illicit ring was putting them

A rare photograph of Joe Irzyk, taken with his young son, Bob, during his years as Treasury Agent for the Federal Government.

Mr Irzyk

October 24, 1935.

BULLETIN.

To All Investigators:

Now that permanent assignments of automobiles have been made, I wish a closer check of the repairs, wash and grease jobs to be made by the Investigators.

When Investigators order a repair, wash or grease job on their car, please submit a memorandum attached to the car report on the date the job has been ordered.

It will be necessary for the Investigator to be sure that the work has been done satisfactorily.

Eliot Ness
Investigator in Charge.

EN:sal.

This is an original Document written in 1935. This is the first time this document has ever been published for public consumption. (On a '35 Chevy, how could a grease job be done satisfactorily?)

up. The T-Man continued his attack. "You cheap, dumb bunch of ....," (Censorship Problems) he continued. "You're not Capones. You're just a bunch of plain punks who've never been anywhere . . . scared of your own shadows . . . thinking I'm a 'G'." The distrust and previous convictions of the mobsters turned into white anger at the barrage levelled at them. The mob no longer suspected the T-Man! Carlisi shouted, "Shut up! Get to work . . . I'm the boss here." The T-Man breathed an inward sigh of relief. The T-Man's true identity was not established by the mob until the mobsters faced him in federal court. The testimony of the undercover man was to send the gang to prison for long terms, breaking up the bootlegging ring which had thrived in Illinois and the surrounding states. Does this sound like something out of the popular television series "The Untouchables?" Well, you're not far off. It is straight out of documented files that are preserved in the Treasury Department's archives in Washington, D.C. Our guest star in this chilling true story is Disneyland Security Officer, Joseph Irzyk. For 25½ years, Joe was a Treasury Agent for the Federal Government. He worked directly under crime-buster, Eliot Ness. After extensive training in constitutional law, gunnery, fingerprint and photograph identification, and expert training in the use of firearms from the Coast Guard (A division of the United States Treasury Department), Joe received a Presidential Appointment to the Treasury Department from President Franklin Roosevelt. "The job just appealed to me," Joe explained, rather modestly, "I guess I just liked it. Anyway, it was steady; and during the depression, nothing was more important than a steady job." There are very few photographs available of Joe in the service. "We had to avoid having our photographs taken, if we were to remain an effective part of the force." However, there is one official photograph of Joe. It was taken in the Treasury Building with Eliot Ness. The photograph appears on this page. Joe's specialty was wire-tapping. In the service they were called Submarines. "Our team could hook into any wire service communication system and gather the necessary information. The fellows were able to speak foreign languages, since many of the underworld were from the "Old Countries." Joe was assigned to the Alcohol Tax Unit for 15 years — going on special assignment from time-to-time for the Secret Service — and later spent 10 years as an Internal Revenue Agent in the Income Tax Division. He now is in his early sixties and married to the former Aurore LeFebrve. They have one son, Robert J., a graduate of the University of New Hampshire. One of the highest compliments to Joe came from the Former Secretary of the Treasury, Robert B. Anderson, who described him and his group of former T-Men as having ". . . Courage, Initiative, Imagination and the highest code of ethics", for all of which we are very proud to have Joe as a member of our security force.

It's that time of year again... Christmas... when the neighbors keep you awake until 5 a.m. playing "White Christmas." (That sounds strangely familiar.) And it's that time when my wife keeps me awake asking for a simple present—a 1967 car. Boy, that was wild when the new cars came out last October. The Batmobile depreciated $42,000... you remember the Batmobile... the car with the fireplace where the license plate should be. But the styling of 1967 cars is really inspired... mostly from each other. One car is so safe, it doesn't have a tiger in the tank, it has Ralph Nader. They even have a scary mask for the Detroit area; it looks like Ralph Nader.

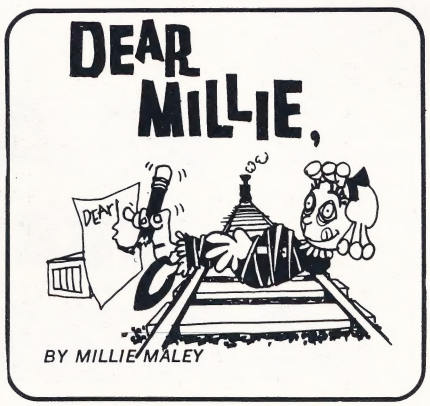
Personally, I love Halloween. That's the only night of the year when Phyllis Diller looks right. It's kind of a shame about her. I mean, she looks the way every other woman does at six o'clock in the morning... only she gets blamed for it. One thing has always confused me. Is she using Senator Dirksen's barber, or is he using her hairdresser?

I finally saw the new Tarzan series. It has to make it... the only show on television where the star runs around topless. They say this is the fifteenth Tarzan. I don't know what's happening, but I'd sure like to meet Jane. As you know, he's the son of a British lord and lady, but he was raised by apes. The English really do have a labor shortage, don't they? For you who haven't seen it, it's more sophisticated than it used to be. For instance, if he has to go somewhere, he does it with style. He turns to the monkey and says, "Cheetah, call me a vine." If you don't know who Cheetah is, picture Robin with longer arms. In one of the episodes the natives bring their chief, who's been bitten by a deadly snake, to Tarzan and ask, "Tarzan, bwana, what we do to save chief? Run juice from big tree on wound, dunk him in river until fever dies?" Tarzan looks at the chief and says, "I'd suggest three cc.'s of penicillin."

I'm just fascinated by these pictures Frank Sinatra's making. In one, he tries to hold up a Las Vegas casino. Then, he steals a train in Italy. And, now, he's hijacking an ocean liner. You figure the records aren't selling too good? No, I'm only kidding. Obviously, Frank Sinatra doesn't need the money. He's an actor. He's a singer. He's a director. He's a producer. And he's got a wife who works. Only, I hope he never makes an "adults only" movie. His wife wouldn't be allowed in to see it.

Have you noticed how many go-go places are folding? This could be the winter of our discotheque!

I have problems at home. My wife has come up with so many different ways to serve chopped meat; I just walk into the kitchen and ask, "How now, ground cow?" and occasionally, "Pleasant buffoonery to you all."



DEAR MILLIE:

I hate to complain, but can you do something about the parking problem for next summer?

Section #2 Parker

DEAR #2 PARKER:

Don't drive to work; WALK! Problem eliminated.

DEAR MILLIE:

Whenever I pass Paul Castle, our Mickey Mouse, he always greets me by my name; but how do I return this greeting, "Hi, Mickey" or "Hi, Paul"?

Want To Be Proper, on Main Street

DEAR PROPER:

I bet even his wife gets confused! If his head is on, address him "Mickey," if he's *out* of his head, call him "Paul."

DEAR MILLIE:

My boy friend is shorter than I am, and my friends say we look funny together. I like him very much and enjoy his company, but wonder if I should date him.

Tall Girl, from Fantasyland

DEAR TALL GIRL:

Go ahead and date him. He may feel "ten feet tall" with you; and if you're not careful, you may feel "two feet tall."

DEAR MILLIE:

There is a girl who always complains that the men don't stand up when she sits down to eat in the Cafeteria. Should I always stand when a girl sits at my table in the Cafeteria?

Wants To Be A Gentleman, from Frontierland

DEAR GENTLEMAN:

It is proper for a man to seat a lady; but in this case, if all you men stood up, while eating a hurried lunch, so as to be back on the job on time, only the ladies would enjoy lunch, and you fellows would still be hungry.

DEAR MILLIE:

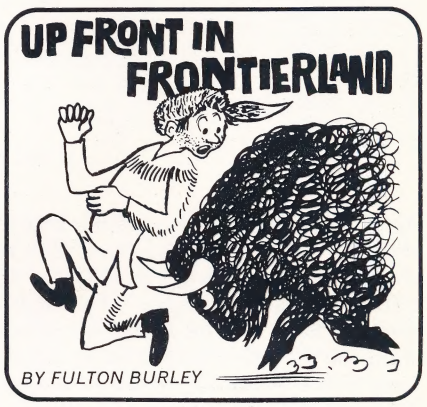
We two fellows share an office. He says it's always too warm in here for him, and really it's cold for me. How can we strike a happy medium?

Cold Blooded, from the Office

DEAR COLD BLOOD:

If he can't wear something light, and you wear a sweater to reach this happy medium, you'd *both* best be prepared to visit First Aid to have your tempers checked!

Millie Maley
Music Store, Extension 542



Three more of the Horseshoe guys are entering the Services: MAX CROWDER is now a Marine, and RON PESTOR and KERRY LUCE will soon be in the Air Force.

One of the pretty Golden Horseshoe dancers, MARITA VALENTINE, married ex-Frontierland Supervisor, DICK ORR, and will soon be joining him in Pensacola, Florida, where he is stationed with the Navy.

The Horseshoe also is losing one singing waitress and gaining another. JODY DONOVAN is leaving to pursue a show business career and CAROL PAUL is coming over from Welch's.

BILL DORSEY, the pride of Tom Sawyer's Island, came to Aunt

Jemima's Kitchen for a cup of his favorite coffee (to go, of course) on the recent Senior Citizen's Day. After a dear old soul of about eighty had finished her lunch, she spotted Bill in his clean white uniform, tapped him on the shoulder and said, "Sonny, which way do I go to get on the Monorail?" Bill admitted that it was one of the nicest compliments he'd had in years.

The beautiful mirrors in Aunt Jemima's Kitchen don't cause BETTY COULSON as much trouble now that there are fewer young males running around with long hair. In the past, Betty's problem was to keep them from combing (yes, and even brushing) their long locks, while admiring themselves in front of one of the mirrors. It just isn't done in nice restaurants, you know.

JOHN McMASTERS is in the Army and has completed his basic training. He now is doing duty in that big State of Texas.

The past year saw two more permanent members join the staff of the Casa de Fritos. LOUISE METZINGER, after a three-year absence from the Magic Kingdom, returned as a supervisor for MR. JOE and RAY MILLAR.

Did you know that HERMAN MITCHELL, who heads "The Royale Street Bachelors" in New Orleans Square, has been the musical director of "The Platters," "Billy Wards Dominoes," "Golden Gate Quartet," and has been featured with Lena Horne at the Copa (N.Y.C.), and "Benny Carter's Orchestra"? He also spent twelve years in the recording industry, for various major labels, and has made several movies.

He is ably assisted by JACK McVEA and CALVIN PONDER, both unique in the performance of their instruments.

This was quite a summer. Our lovely ANN S., hostess in the coffee shop (AL HOFFMAN'S "gal Friday") has returned to the planet earth. She's been walking around muttering, "Thank goodness, Anthony is a boy!" Linda, Ann's daughter, formerly of the Plaza Inn, recently became a bride.

It's hard to decide which caused the most disturbance, the airline strike or BUD TAYLOR'S drug store being without air conditioning all summer!

SANDY, of the Fashion Shop, spent one lovely week in Hawaii . . . lucky duck!!

TIMI, KIFFI and BEN HARRIS spent two lovely weeks in Palm Springs — the last two weeks of July. The nicest part of going there in July is *no*, or only a *few*, "peoples."

May I say we of the Monorail would like to commend the delightful performance of our fellow compatriots on the Steam Trains. You really had a summer. Wow! You never stopped leaving them all summer.

BILL CRAWFORD and LEE have joined the ranks of being parents. Bill says, "She should swim well, she has good lungs!!"

Can you imagine my surprise to see our most intellectual foreman, JIMMY "LEAN" TURNER, at a showing of "The Wild Ones," and later cavorting at the Crest Hotel? Really, Jim, are you doing research?

We're proud to have not only a beauty on the Monorail, but a winner, too. DIANE HAYS is Miss Buena Park — Rolls Royce and all. The best to you.

We miss one of our Monorail crew, as well as a BACKSTAGE contributor —CHRIS RIDGEWAY. Did SHIELA enlist too?? They were both great.

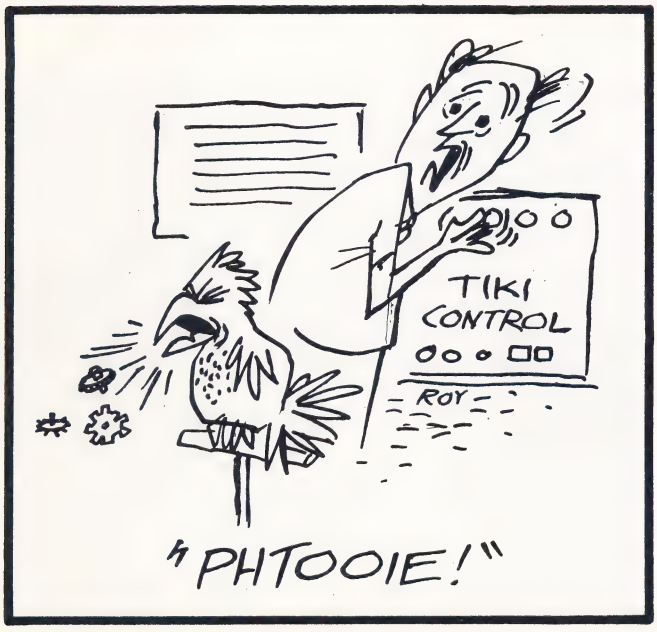
How shall I word this — we are going to miss PAUL DAWSON for six months. We will?? We will — huh, Diane!

We're happy to have BILL HAUENSTEIN and JIM CASHEN move into "Ulcer Villa" (supervision, in other words).

MATT KIM is, at this time, trying hard to get sick. Sorry about that Matt — hurry and get on your feet again.

GENE CARR read someplace that they were catching fish with bushel baskets—back in Kansas! He's going back in a couple of weeks to find out. We want real fish for proof; no pictures! Right, JIM RILEY??

After returning from a long vacation trip with his family this summer, MIKE MELDAU developed ulcers! Now really, Mike!



"Whatever you do,
for heaven's sake don't burp."

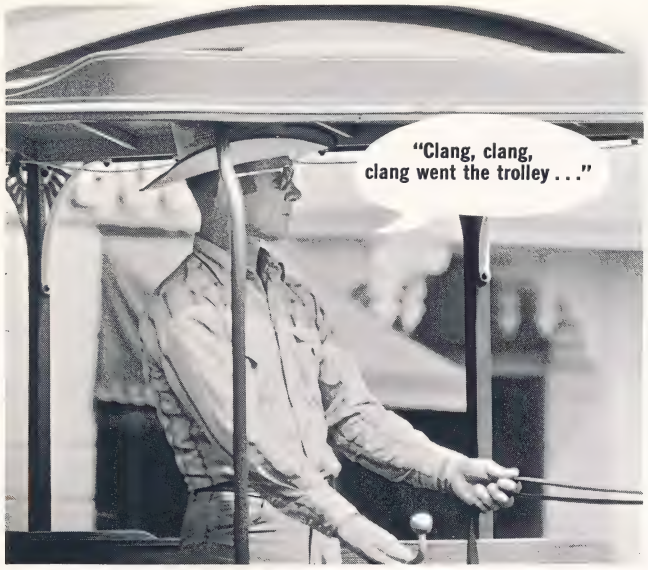
"Don't look now,
but there comes the Monorail!"

"Did he say fractured
hip or fractured lip?"

"How come the horses
get a 15 minute rest period,
and we only get 10?"

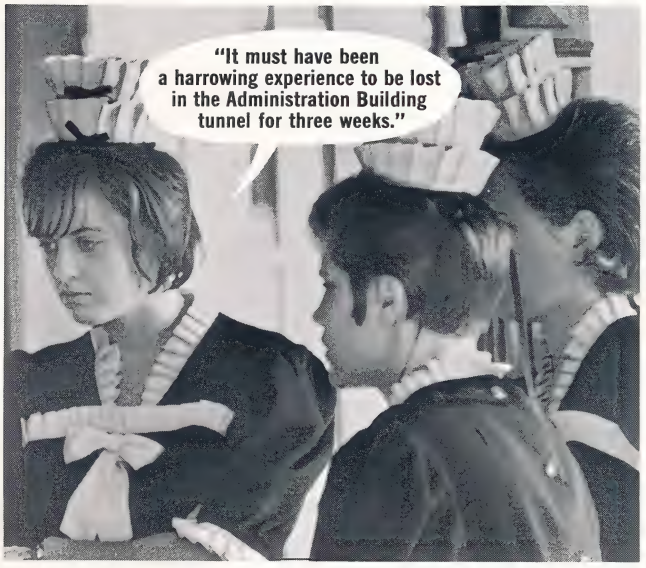
"Careful; the last time
you struck oil."

"That's strange;
a Bugs Bunny float in
the Christmas parade???"


"Clang, clang, clang went the trolley . . ."

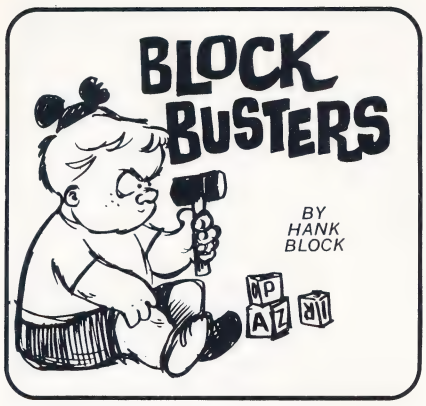
"What are we going to do when they find out that the One-Of-A-Kind Shop has two of those items?"

"I'm sorry, Bob, but that's the third time you've told me that joke."


"It must have been a harrowing experience to be lost in the Administration Building tunnel for three weeks."

"Why couldn't BACKSTAGE have a fold-out like that?"

"Sorry, the Congo Queen and Nile Princess were in a photo finish."



Aloha! Once again, we are in the season when many a poor fellow will be brought down by a guided mistletoe. Gosh, it hardly seems possible that 1966 will soon be just a memory. Personally, it was a very good year, for which I am very grateful.

SPORTS REPORT:

In the fall baseball classic, my wonderful Orioles humbled the Dodgers in four straight, thereby vindicating my actions of last year. To all my benefactors, many thanks.

PERSONALS:

On October 5, three of our lovelies, NANCY SMIALEK, JOAN ASHWORTH and MARCIA PICKLER, left New York for a three-month tour of Europe. While there, they will visit the Buena Vista Studio offices in all major cities. They are due to return home in mid-December.

PETE HOMER was selected as a member of the All-America Indian Basketball Squad, and toured with the team, playing exhibitions against the Harlem Clowns. The teams left the Country on May 21, and played games in Japan, Thailand, Malaysia, Philippines, Formosa, and Hong Kong. They returned to the states on July 10.

JUDY JUSTUS and CARL JACKSON became Mr. and Mrs. on August 12.

CHERYL ORAM and MIKE DOTY were united on October 8.

THISSA AND THATTA:

FRANK McNELL sez now that he's got the shape for the job, his kids no longer believe in Santa Claus.

JIM TURNER bought his wife a lazy susan powered by electricity. It's called a lazier susan.

FRED BROOKS sez a wonderful holiday is having a Christmas you'll never forget and a New Year's Eve you can't remember.

DIANA REED sez the nice thing about a gift of money for Christmas is that it's so easily exchanged.

JOHN EDWARDS, on a gift from an admirer: "Colorful? Say, that Christmas tie is in a clash by itself."

Doctor to HAL DARTER, after checkup: "Let's put it this way, if you were an auto, you'd be an Essex."

BARBARA AMMERMAN sez what women want from their husbands is the puttering of little feats around the house.

LEE DAVID sez he remembers when it cost only two cents to mail a penny postcard.

Sweet Ole Lady in Tiki Room: "Are the birds real?"

Sweet Ole Hank: "Yassum, and they'll swoop down on you if you don't close your popcorn box."

DENNIS BOWMAN sez he has a new name for his draft card, his social insecurity number.

PAT BROOKS sez the easiest way to teach children the value of money is to borrow it from them.

MIKE O'BRIEN sez modern paintings are like women, you'll never enjoy them if you try to understand them.

BOYD DIAZ sez he remembers when the only red menace was long winter underwear.

MARY VAN THYME sez she saw two fashion models talking together — chic to chic.

KATHY BENDER sez she hates to drive on the freeway and baffle all that traffic.

Now, holiday greetings from the Tiki Room crew in their native tongues:

VICKI BALTAZAR (Philippines): Maligayang Pasco and Bagong Taon.

MARILYN WADA and HIRO OSHITO (Japan): Kurisumasu Omedetoo Shin Nen Omedetoo.

TED YAP (Indonesia): Selamat Hari Hat'ul Selamat Tahum Baru.

VINCE WONG and PETER SEH (China): Kong Chong Sin Fa Look Kong Chong Son Yu Fa Look.

HANK BLOCK (Washington, D.C.): The very merriest Christmas and the bestest ever New Year. And always remember — drive toward others as you would have them drive toward you. See you all next year.

P.S. Better luck next year, Paul.

GET ME PUBLIC RELATIONS...QUICK!

"YES, THERE REALLY IS A WALT DISNEY!"

Jingle Bells, Jingle Bells, Jingle all the way. Yes, it's Christmas time again. Here in Adventureland the boys sing—Jungle Cruise, Jungle Cruise, Jungle all the way. Oh! What fun it is to ride on the Congo Queen today. MARTY TORREZ asked TOM ORMSBY what does it mean—"Yuletide Greetings?" Tom replied, "Lend me $5, you'll tide me over for a few days." JACK LEWIN says, "There's one thing about Santa Claus that's been puzzling me—whether he sleeps with his beard inside the covers or outside."

KEN FUJIMURA says, "At Christmas time every girl wants her past forgotten and her present remembered."

I remember one Christmas when I was a small boy we had a rubber Christmas. Everyone looked at the tree and stretched their imagination.

Summer is over and many of us have been taking vacations through October and November. MEL NEINAST went to a hotel for a change and a rest. RANDY BRIGHT asked him if he got it. Mel said, "The bellboy got the change and the hotel the rest."

The third annual Indian War Canoe Championship Races were held this past summer. This event is becoming more popular each year. Those smiling, dripping and sometimes weary participants practiced every other morning for two weeks. The races involved hundreds of employees and were raced against the clock. The Ding-A-Lings switched from the Bell Telephone and won in the girls division. They are really good operators and got the competitions' number.

Competition was quite keen and stiff in the boys' division. The Rainboy Raiders finally won *after three* days in the final week by .3 second, that is about 1/3 of a boat length.

The accompanying picture shows RON KELLEY, Captain of the Rainbow Raiders, presenting RON DOYLE with an Indian scroll signed

by many grateful participants of the races. Ron Doyle was the originator, organizer and supervisor of the canoe races. Our hats are off to you, Ron, for your efforts have paid off. Canoe racing helps build character too—that's one way to paddle your own canoe.

Passed by the Tiki Room lately? That stern, chiseled, countenance peering at you is none other than—that's right—HANK BLOCK. Actually, Hank is really a kind fellow. As a matter of fact, he has to give a fly an anesthetic before he can swat it. A sweet ole lady came up to the Tiki Room and asked, "Is this where the birdies sing?" Sweet ole Hank said, "Yesum." SOL—"How long is the show?" SOH—"Seventeen minutes, Ma'am." SOL—"Is it an 'E' coupon?" SOH—"Yesum." SOL—"Thank you, Buster." SOH—"The name's Block, Ma'am." SOL—"OH, I see, Block-Buster."

BARBARA AMMERMAN also is back at the Tiki Room. Barbara was one of the original Tiki Birds. She said she knew a lady who crossed a hen with a parrot. She said it saved time hunting for eggs. The hen comes up to her and says, "I just laid an egg—go get it."

EARL ARCHER found a home at the Tree House. We were discussing the new cars, and he said his wife didn't like them. She is a backseat driver, and the new cars look alike at both ends. She doesn't know which end to get in. KEN BUSBY said, "All this talk about back seat drivers. I've driven for ten years and I've never had a word from behind." DICK BATES asked, "What sort of a car do you drive?" Ken replied, "A hearse." JOHN McCALLEY said he never takes his wife out with him in the car. ED FRATELLO asked why not. John said, "I can't contend with both of 'em together."

New Orleans is part of Adventureland, and we would like to devote more time and space telling you about the people who work there. We'll try to cover this beautiful place in the next issue, and maybe by then we all will have had a chance to ride Pirates of the Caribbean.

CARL CASEBEER was asked, "What do you call all those little rivers running into the Nile?" Carl answered, "The Juveniles."

Christmas means many things to many people. Happy times, the pleasure of giving, and seeing the joy on little faces. I think AL BRANDLE summed it up in one word—Love. The benevolent love for mankind in general.

Witch Doctor must make magic and disappear.

Happy New Year!

BACKSTAGE at

Behind every successful man is a woman, who keeps reminding him he isn't successful. Behind every magazine is a group of men and women who make the publication what it is. The order of names is, by no way, in order of importance. We love 'em all and I think it's about time you met the people who are backstage at BACKSTAGE DISNEYLAND.

PHIL BAUER, CHUCK BOYER, and BOB DAVIS (from Marketing), FRED GEERTS, RALPH KENT, and GARY SCOTT (from Merchandising) all give of their time to help with the art work, design, and the various cartoons which appear with regular hilarity in our magazine.

But we would have no magazine if it weren't for the fearless reporting of the staff reporters, who mail us a column by Pony Express for each issue.

Sawing away at metaphors and scrapping up similes is BILL BEALER, who writes the Maintenance column. The buster known as BLOCK, HANK, gives us funny items taken from the latest edition of the Joe Miller Block Book. DELORES BRAMBLETT herds all her information into a pack for the Tour Guide column. FULTON BURLEY, in between klinkers, scouts out items from Clancy and other denizens of Frontierland. LEE DAVID mixes his maupus with his segasuators to confuse everybody in Adventureland. RON DOYLE, off work, spends time writing about what Disneylanders do, off work, with the D. R. C. Alternating with the Tour Guide column is the Parking Lot column, ably parked by TOM FISK and RICK KISOW. BOB HANNA mainly writes main items from a street known as Main. OPEL HENN of AT&T uses telegraphy to report for Tomorrowland. MILLIE MALLEY, our sob-sister writer, keeps us chuckling with the problems she solves. MIKE O'BRIEN sails the seas of Fantasyland to tell us what's happening.

BOB PENFIELD makes a clean sweep of the sports field. DELLA STRATHMANN overlooks the parking lot at the Hotel, but never overlooks the news from across the way. JUDY THORNDYKE, our gal in Security, tells us the top secrets of our Security Department, secure in the fact that she isn't really giving out secrets. The Son of Renrut, alias JIM TURNER, fabricates (that's used in a building sense) the Retlaw nmuloc.

For information on the editor, see BACKSTAGE DISNEYLAND, Fall 1964. (Editor's Note: $1.50 ppd. from editor.)

BACKSTAGE

BY WALLY BOAG

Feature articles all come from the able pen of FRED KOEHLER and DAVE KOCH, who lend their spare time and able ability when needed.

All copy is proof-read by our two eagle-eyed staff members, RICK SMITH and DAVE KOCH.

With pages and pages of copy, most of which has to be re-typed, we use the flying fingers of such lovely ladies as ADELL DAVIS, ANITA GRAY, LORRIE DOBBS, CAROLYN LONG, LUCINDA LYTLE, and PAM SANFORD.

The photographs, which adorn our magazine and look like they come from the brush of Rembrandt (Editor's Note: That's Joe Rembrandt, who paints signs in our Sign Department) are all taken by such camera bugs as CHARLIE NICHOLS, FRED KOEHLER, and RENIE BARDEAU.

The cartoons of ROY WILLIAMS are a happily-received contribution that we, as well as you, look forward to in each issue.

And there are many contributors who, like ships passing in the night, enter our pages, leave their mark, and go back to work.

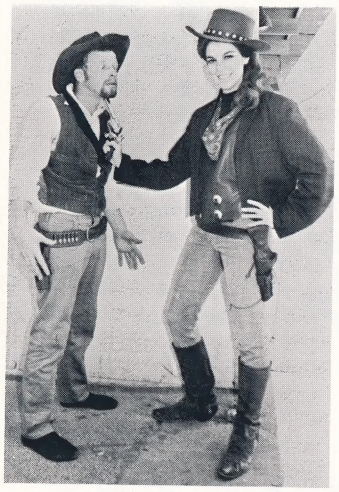
The real unsung heroes of BACKSTAGE are JIM CLAY and PHIL LERMA, and the entire staff of the Disney Studio Print Shop, who give us not just a good magazine but a great one.

The leg man of BACKSTAGE, the boogie man, is FRED KOEHLER, our editorial coordinator. He gets out his whip and makes the reporters come through with their columns, ~~(gets the art work where it has to be gotten),~~ delivers the art work, (Editor's Note: He's also responsible for grammatical phrasing.), and shepherds the magazine from conception to adulthood.

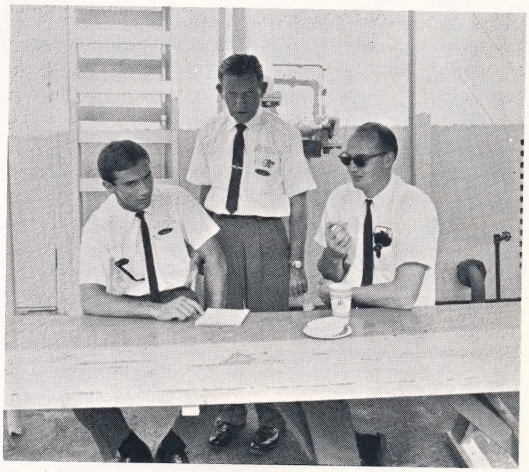
Last, but by no means least, there's one man who doesn't write for us, doesn't draw cartoons for us, but who is the most important reason behind the magazine. Simply because he understands the idea behind an employee magazine, and knows the importance of being able to laugh at oneself. We must thank WALT.

Our man in Security, Morris Lipps before and after wardrobe inspection.

Jon Olson, Kitchen Maintenance, and Linda Samuelson, Plaza Inn, discussing the wildest combination of colors since an explosion at a paint factory.



Pam and Gunfighter Ron Brooks were just recently married. Notice who wears the boots in the family now.



It seems like Wally Surak is saying "I thought I already dated her" to Paul Boerner and Jim Person.

Addaline Bassett and Frances Mullen wondering if a fountain man from the island of Malta could be called a Malta Shake.

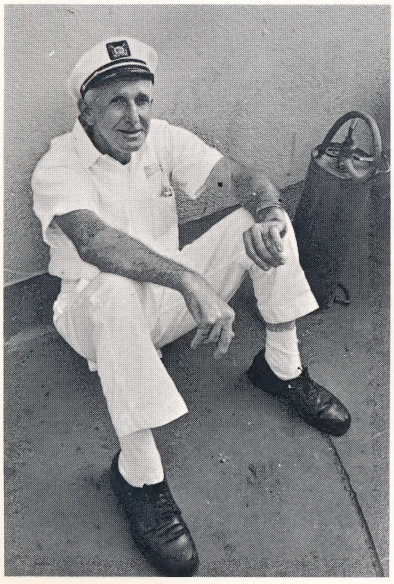
Bruce Edwards, Carl Trapasso, Leroy Carlson, and Nancy Jo Marilley are smiling even though they're angry because we didn't put their name in Food Stand's column. That's the way the name drops.

Preparing to set sail on the "Bluebird" are Jack Taylor, Mike O'Brien, and Gale Gander. We wonder why they're smiling.

Bob Penfield, Chuck Boyajian getting coffee from Dean Penlick which goes to show that Bob Penfield enjoys the sport of someone buying coffee.

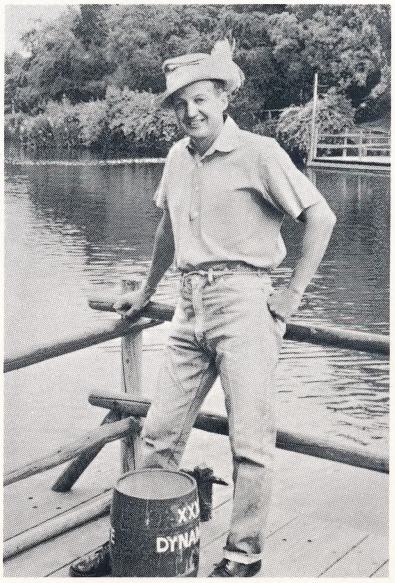
Vince Rossi and Jerry King, ⅔'s of the Golden Horseshoe orchestra sitting at the New Orleans Cafeteria having a smoke. Can you guess which one doesn't smoke? It's the one who doesn't know how to hold a cigarette.

Bud Hedrick with the loveliest set of bookends, Julie Williams and Terrie Dickenson, we've ever seen.



For the 100th time we'll say Jack Thomasson's job is picking up.

Merry Christmas to all.



Roy Brehm, Rafts, who likes to travel by rail.

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